

THE
OECONOMY
OF
HUMAN LIFE.

PART the SECOND.

Translated from an *Indian* Manuscript, found soon after that which contain'd the Original of the first Part; and written by the same Hand.

IN

A Second LETTER from an *English* Gentleman residing at *China*, to the Earl of * * *

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe*, in
Pater-noster Row. 1751.

(Price One Shilling.)



9
To the Right Honourable the
Earl of - - - - -

Peking, Jan. 10, 1749-50.

My LORD,

NOT a month after I had inclosed to your Lordship the translation I had attempted of the Oriental system of morality, so famous in these parts, we were agreeably surprized with a manuscript of the same size, whose antiquity, characters, and other internal marks, determined it to be the performance of the same author; which, at the same time that it shewed us something was wanting to what we had before esteemed a complete system, very happily supplied the deficiency.

I could not rest, after the first dipping into it, without the pleasing

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task

task of a translation ; nor, when I had finished it, without doing myself the honour of transmitting it to your Lordship. I need not tell your Lordship, that the energy of thought, sublimity of stile, and many other circumstances, prove it to come from the divine hand that planned the other : the substance of it carries abundantly more proof of it.

If I did not flatter myself that the first part had met the honour of your Lordship's approbation, I should not be so earnest in dispatching this after it : but while I know the value of the work, and know your Lordship's distinguishing genius, it would be ridiculous to affect a doubt about it.

I am,

My LORD,

Yours, &c.

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THE
OECONOMY
OF
HUMAN LIFE.

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THE
ECONOMY
OF
HUMAN LIFE

03
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SECOND LETTER to the
Earl of ***

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BOOK I.

M A N

Considered in the

GENERAL.

BOOK I

M A N

Confined in the

G E N E R A L

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CHAPTER I.

*Of the HUMAN FRAME and
STRUCTURE.*

WEAK and ignorant as thou art, O man! humble as thou oughtst to be, O child of the dust! wouldst thou raise thy thoughts to infinite wisdom? wouldst thou see omnipotence display'd before thee? contemplate thine own frame.

Fearfully and wonderfully art thou made: praise therefore thy Creator with awe, and rejoice before him with reverence.

Wherefore of all creatures art thou only erect; but that thou shouldst behold his works! wherefore art thou to behold; but that thou mayst admire them! wherefore to admire; but that thou mayst adore their, and thy Creator!

Wherefore is consciousness reposed in thee alone ; and whence is it derived to thee !

'Tis not in flesh to think ; 'tis not in bones to reason : the lion knoweth not that worms shall eat him : the ox perceiveth not that he is fed for slaughter.

Something is added to thee unlike to what thou seest : something informs thy clay, higher than all that is the object of thy senses. Behold ! what is it ?

Thy body remaineth perfect after it is fled ; therefore it is no part of it : it is immaterial ; therefore it is eternal : it is free to act ; therefore it is accountable for its actions.

Knoweth the ass the use of food, because his teeth mow down the herbage ? or standeth the crocodile erect, altho' his back-bone is strait as thine ?

God formed thee as he had formed these : after them all were thou created : superiority and command were given thee over all ; and of his own breath did

did he communicate to thee thy principle of knowledge.

Know thyself then the pride of his creation ; the link uniting divinity and matter : behold a part of God himself within thee : remember thine own dignity ; nor dare descend to evil or to meanness.

Who planted terror in the tail of the serpent ? who cloathed the neck of the horse with thunder ? even he who hath instructed thee to crush the one under thy feet, and to tame the other to thy purposes.



CHAP.

CHAPTER II.

Of the USE of the SENSES.

VAUNT not of thy body, because it was first formed ; nor of thy brain, because therein thy soul resideth. Is not the master of the house more honourable than its walls ?

The ground must be prepared before corn be planted : the potter must build his furnace before he can make his porcelane.

As the breath of heaven sayeth unto the water of the deep, 'This way shall thy billows roll, and no other ; thus high, and no higher, shall they raise their fury ; so let thy spirit, O man, actuate and direct thy flesh : so let it repress its wildness.

Thy soul is the monarch of thy frame : suffer not its subjects to rebel against it.

Thy

Thy body is as the globe of the earth : thy bones the pillars that sustain it on its basis.

As the ocean giveth rise to springs, whose waters return again into its bosom thro' the rivers : so runneth thy life from the heart outwards ; and so returneth it unto its place again.

Do not both retain their course for ever ? behold the same God ordained them.

Is not thy nose the channel to perfumes ? thy mouth the path to delicacies ? yet know thou, that perfumes long smelt become offensive : that delicacies destroy the appetite they flatter.

Are not thine eyes the centinels that watch for thee ? yet how often are they unable to distinguish truth from error.

Keep thy soul in moderation : teach thy spirit to be attentive to its good : so shall these its ministers be always to thee conveyances of truth.

Thine hand, is it not a miracle ? is there in the creation aught like unto it ?
where-

wherefore was it given thee ; but that thou mightst stretch it out to the assistance of thy brother ?

Why of all things living art thou alone made capable of blushing ? the world shall read thy shame upon thy face : therefore do nothing shameful.

Fear and dismay, why rob they thy countenance of its ruddy splendour ? avoid guilt and thou shalt know that fear is beneath thee ; that dismay is unmanly.

Wherefore to thee alone speak shadows in the visions of thy pillow ? reverence them ; for know that dreams are from on high.

Thou man alone canst speak ; wonder at thy glorious prerogative ; and pay to him who gave it thee a rational and welcome praise ; teaching thy children wisdom ; instructing the offspring of thy loins in piety.

CHAPTER III.

*The SOUL of MAN, its ORIGIN
and AFFECTIONS.*

THE blessings, O man! of thy external part are health, vigour, and proportion : the greatest of these is health. What health is to the body, even that is honesty to the soul.

That thou hast a soul is of all knowledge the most certain ; of all truths the most plain unto thee : be meek ; be grateful for it ; seek not to know it perfectly : it is inscrutable.

Thinking, understanding, reasoning, willing ; call not these the soul ! they are its actions, but they are not its essence.

Raise it not too high that thou, be not despised : be not thou like unto those who fall by climbing ; neither debase it to the sense of brutes : nor be thou like to
the

the horse and the mule, in whom there is no understanding.

Search it by its faculties ; know it by its virtues : they are more in number than the hairs of thy head : the stars of heaven are not to be counted with them.

Think not with *Arabia* that one soul is parted among all men ; neither believe thou with the sons of *Egypt*, that every man hath many : know that as thy heart, so also thy soul is one.

Doth not the sun harden the clay ? doth it not also soften the wax ? as it is one sun that worketh both ; even so it is one soul that willeth contraries.

As the moon retaineth her nature tho' darkness spread itself before her face as a curtain ; so the soul remaineth perfect even in the bosom of the fool.

She is immortal ; she is unchangeable ; she is alike in all : health calleth her forth to shew her loveliness ; and application anointeth her with the oil of wisdom.

Altho'

Altho' she shall live after thee, think not she was born before thee : she was concreated with thy flesh, and formed with thy brain.

Justice could not give her to thee exalted by virtues, nor mercy deliver her to thee deformed by vices. These must be thine, and thou must answer them.

Suppose not death can shield thee from examination : think not corruption can hide thee from enquiry. He who formed thee of thou knowst not what ; can he not raise thee from thou knowst not what again ?

Perceiveth not the cock the hour of midnight ? exalteth he not his voice, to tell thee it is morning ? knoweth not the dog the footsteps of his master ? and flyeth not the wounded goat unto the herb that healeth him ? yet when these die, their spirit returneth to the dust : thine alone surviveth.

Envy not to these their senses, because quicker than thine own : learn that the advantage lieth not in possessing
good

good things ; but in the knowing to use them.

Hadst thou the ear of the stag ; or were thine eye as strong and piercing as the eagle's ; didst thou equal the hound in smell ; or could the ape resign to thee his taste ; or the tortoise her feeling ; yet without reason what would they avail thee ? perish not all these like their kindred ?

Hath any one of them the gift of speech ? can any say unto thee, therefore did I so ?

The lips of the wise are as the doors of a cabinet ; no sooner are they opened, but treasures are poured out before thee.

Like unto trees of gold arranged in beds of silver, are wise sentences uttered in due season.

Canst thou think too greatly of thy soul ? or can too much be said in its praise ? it is the image of him who gave it.

Remember thou its dignity for ever ;
forget

forget not how great a talent is committed to thy charge.

Whatsoever may do good, may also do harm : beware that thou direct its course to virtue.

Think not that thou canst lose her in the croud : suppose not that thou canst bury her in thy closet : action is her delight, and she will not be withheld from it.

Her motion is perpetual ; her attempts are universal : her agility is not to be suppress'd : is it at the uttermost part of the earth, she will have it : is it beyond the region of the stars, yet will her eye discover it.

Inquiry is her delight : as one who traverseth the burning sands in search of water, so is the soul that thirsteth after knowledge.

Guard her for she's rash ; restrain her for she is irregular ; correct her for she is outrageous : more supple is she than water ; more flexible than wax ; more yielding

yielding than air : is there aught then
can bind her ?

As a sword in the hand of a mad-
man ; even so is the soul to him who
wanteth discretion.

The end of her search is truth : her
means to discover it are reason and ex-
perience : but are not these weak, un-
certain and fallacious ? how then shall
she attain unto it ?

General opinion is no proof of truth ;
for the generality of men are ignorant.

Perception of thyself ; the know-
ledge of him who created thee ; the
sense of the worship thou owest unto him ;
are not these plain before thy face ? and
behold ! what is there more that man
needeth to know ?

C H A P T E R IV.

Of the PERIOD and Uses of HUMAN LIFE.

AS the eye of morning to the lark ;
as the shade of evening to the
owl ; as honey to the bee, or as the
carcase to the vulture ; even such is
life unto the heart of man.

Tho' bright it dazzleth not ; tho'
obscure it displeaseth not ; tho' sweet
it cloyeth not ; tho' corrupt it forbid-
deth not : yet who is he that knoweth
its true value ?

Learn to esteem life as it ought ;
then art thou near the pinnacle of
wisdom.

Think not with the fool that nothing
is more valuable ; nor believe with the
pretended wise that thou oughtst to
contemn it : love it not for itself, but
for the good it may be of to others.

Gold cannot buy it for thee ; neither
can

can mines of diamonds purchase back the moment thou hast now lost of it: employ the succeeding ones in virtue.

Λ Say not that it were best not to have been born; or if born that it had been best to die early: neither dare thou to ask of thy creator, Where had been the evil had I not existed? good is in thy power: the want of good is evil: and if thy question be just, lo! it condemneth thee.

Λ Wou'd the fish swallow the bait if he knew the hook was hid therein? would the lion enter the toils if he saw they were prepared for him? so neither were the soul to perish with this clay, wou'd man wish to live; neither wou'd a merciful God have created him: know hence thou shalt live afterward.

As the bird enclosed in the cage before he seeth it, yet teareth not his flesh against its sides; so neither labour thou vainly to run from the state thou
art

art in, but know it is allotted thee ;
and be content with it.

Tho' its ways are uneven, yet are
they not all painful : accommodate thy-
self to all ; and where there is least ap-
pearance of evil, suspect the greatest
danger.

When thy bed is straw thou sleepest
in security ; but when thou stretchest
thyself on roses beware of the thorns.

A good death is better than an evil
life : strive to live therefore as long as
thou oughtst, not as long as thou canst :
while thy life is to others worth more
than thy death ; it is thy duty to pre-
serve it.

Complain not with the fool of the
shortness of thy time : remember that
with thy days thy cares are shortned.

Take from the period of thy life the
useless parts of it ; and what remaineth ?
take off the time of thine infancy, the
second infancy of age, thy sleep, thy
thoughtless hours, thy days of sickness,

B

and

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A good death is better than an evil life: strive to live therefore as long as thou oughtst, not as long as thou canst: while thy life is to others worth more than thy death; it is thy duty to preserve it.

Complain not with the fool of the shortness of thy time: remember that with thy days thy cares are shortned.

Take from the period of thy life the useless parts of it; and what remaineth? take off the time of thine infancy, the second infancy of age, thy sleep, thy thoughtless hours, thy days of sickness,

B

and

and even at the fullness of years, how few seasons hast thou truly numbered?

He who gave thee life as a blessing, shortened it to make it more so: to what end would longer life have served thee? wishest thou to have had an opportunity of more vices? as to the good, will not he who limited thy span, be satisfied with the fruits of it.

To what end, O child of sorrow, wouldst thou live longer? to breathe, to eat, to see the world? all this thou hast done often already; too frequent repetition, is it not tiresome? or is it not superfluous?

Wouldst thou improve thy wisdom and thy virtue? alas! what art thou to know? or who is it that shall teach thee? badly thou employest the little thou hast; dare not therefore to complain that more is not given thee.

Repine not at the want of knowledge; it must perish with thee in the grave: be honest here, thou shalt be wise hereafter.

Say

4 Say not unto the crow, why numberest thou seven times the age of thy lord? or to the fawn, why are thine eyes to see my offspring to an hundred generations? are these to be compared with thee in the abuse of life? are they riotous? are they cruel? are they ungrateful! learn from them rather that innocence of life and simplicity of manners are the paths to a good old age.

Knowest thou to employ life better than these: then less of it may suffice thee.

Man who dares enslave the world, when he knows he can enjoy his tyranny but a moment, what would he not aim at, if he were immortal?

Enough hast thou of life, but thou regardest not: thou art not in want of it, O man! but thou art prodigal: thou throwest it lightly away, as if thou hadst more than enough; and yet thou repineest that it is not gathered again unto thee.

Know that it is not abundance which maketh rich, but oeconomy.

The wise continueth to live from his first period : the fool is always beginning.

Labour not after riches first, and think thou afterwards wilt enjoy them : he who neglecteth the present moment, throweth away all that he hath : as the arrow passeth through the heart ; while the warrior knew not that it was coming ; so shall his life be taken away before he knoweth that he hath it.

What then is life that man should desire it ? what breathing, that he should covet it ?

Is it not a scene of delusion ; a series of misadventures ; a pursuit of evils link'd on all sides together ; in the beginning it is ignorance, pain is in its middle, and its end is sorrow.

As one wave pusheth on another, till both are involved in that behind them ; even so succeedeth evil to evil in the life of man ; the greater and the present swallow

swallow up the lesser and the past: our terrors are real evils; our expectations look forward into improbabilities.

Fools, to dread as mortals; and to desire as if immortal!

What part of life is it that we would wish to remain with us? is it youth? can we be in love with outrage, licentiousness and temerity? is it age? then are we fond of infirmities.

It is said grey hairs are revered, and in length of days is honour. Virtue can add reverence to the bloom of youth; and without it age plants more wrinkles in the soul than on the forehead.

Is age respected because it hateth riot? what justice is in this? when it is not age despiseth pleasure; but pleasure that despiseth age.

Be virtuous while thou art young, so shall thine age be honoured.

B O O K II.

M A N

Consider'd in regard to

His INFIRMITIES, and
their EFFECTS.

CHAPTER I.

VANITY.

INconstancy is powerful in the heart of man; intemperance swayeth it whither it will; despair engrosseth much of it; and fear proclaimeth, behold I sit unrival'd therein: but vanity is beyond them all.

Weep not therefore at the calamities of the human state: rather laugh at its follies. In the hands of the man addicted to vanity, life is but the shadow of a dream.

The hero, the most renowned of human characters, what is he but the bubble of this weakness? the public is unstable and ungrateful; why should the man of wisdom endanger himself for fools?

The man who neglecteth his present concerns, to revolve how he will behave when greater; feedeth himself

with wind, while his bread is eaten by another.

Act as becometh thee in thy present station : and in more exalted ones thy face shall not ashamed.

What blindeth the eye, or what hideth the heart of a man from himself, like vanity ? lo ! when thou seest not thyself, then others discover thee most plainly.

As the tulip that is gaudy without smell ; conspicuous without use ; so is the man who setteth himself up on high, and hath not merit.

The heart of the vain is troubled while it seemeth content : his cares are greater than his pleasures.

His sollicitude cannot rest with his bones : the grave is not deep enough to hide it : he extendeth his thoughts beyond his being : he bespeaketh praise to be paid when he is gone : but whoso promiseth it deceiveth him.

As the man who engageth his wife to remain in widowhood that she disturb

not

not his soul; so is he who expecteth that praise shall reach his ears beneath the earth; or cherish his heart in its shroud.

Do well while thou livest; but regard not what is said of it: Content thyself with deserving praise, and thy posterity shall rejoice in hearing it.

As the butterfly who seeth not her own colours; as the jessamine which feeleth not the scent it casteth around it, so is the man who appeareth gay, and biddeth others to take note of it.

To what purpose, saith he, is my vesture of gold, to what end are my tables filled with dainties, if no eye gaze upon them? if the world know it not? give thy raiment to the naked; and thy food unto the hungry; so shalt thou be praised; and feel that thou deserveest it.

Why bestowest thou on every man the flattery of unmeaning words? thou knowest when returned thee thou regardedst it not. He knoweth he lieth

unto thee ; yet he knoweth thou wilt thank him for it. Speak in sincerity, and thou shalt hear with instruction.

The vain delighteth to speak of himself : but he seeth not that others like not to hear him.

✧ If he hath done any thing worthy praise ; if he possess that which is worthy admiration ; his joy is to proclaim it ; his pride is to hear it reported : the desire of such a man defeateth itself : men say not behold he hath done it ; or see he possesseth it ; but mark how proud he is of it !

✧ The heart of man cannot attend at once to many things : he who fixeth his soul on shew, loseth reality : he pursueth bubbles which break in their flight ; while he treads to earth what would do him honour.

CHAPTER II.

I N C O N S T A N C Y.

NATURE urgeth thee to inconstancy, O man! therefore guard thyself at all times against it.

Thou art from the womb of thy mother various and wavering; from the loins of thy father inheritest thou instability: how then shalt thou be firm?

Those who gave thee a body furnish'd it with weakness; but he who gave thee a soul, armed thee with resolution: employ it and thou art wise: be wise and thou art happy.

Let him who doeth well, beware how he boasteth of it: for rarely is it of his own will.

Is it not the event of an impulse from without: born of uncertainty; enforced by accident; dependent on
some.

somewhat else? to these then, and to accident is due the praise.

Beware of irresolution in the intent of thy actions; beware of instability in the execution; so shalt thou triumph over two great failings of thy nature.

What reproacheth reason more than to act contrarieties? what can suppress the tendencies to these, but firmness of mind?

The Inconstant feeleth that he changeth, but he knoweth not why; he seeth that he escapeth from himself, but he perceiveth not how: be thou incapable of change in that which is right; and men will rely upon thee.

Establish unto thyself principles of action; and see that thou ever act according to them.

First know that thy principles are just; and then be thou inflexible in the path of them.

So shall thy passions have no rule over thee: so shall thy constancy ensure

sure unto thee the good thou possessest ;
and drive from thy door misfortune :
anxiety, and disappointment shall be
strangers to thy gates.

Suspect not evil in any one, until
thou seest it : when thou seest it, for-
get it not.

Whofo hath been an enemy, cannot
be a friend ; for man mendeth not of
his faults.

How should his actions be right,
who hath no rule of life ? nothing can
be just which proceedeth not from
reason.

The Inconstant hath no peace in his
soul ; neither can any be at ease
whom he concerneth himself with.

His life is unequal : his motions are
irregular : his soul changeth with the
weather.

To-day he loveth thee ; to-morrow
thou art detested by him : and why ?
himself knoweth not wherefore he
loved, or wherefore he now hateth.

To-day

To-day he is the tyrant ; to-morrow thy servant is less humble : and why ? he who is arrogant without power, will be servile where there is no subjection.

To-day he is profuse ; to-morrow he grudgeth unto his mouth that which it should eat : thus it is with him who knoweth not moderation.

Who shall say of the camelion he is black, when the moment after the verdure of the grass overspreadeth him ?

Who shall say of the Inconstant he is joyful, when his next breath shall be spent in sighing.

What is the life of such a man but the phantom of a dream ? in the morning he riseth happy ; at noon he is on the rack : this hour he is a god ; the next below a worm : one moment he laugheth ; the next he weepeth : he now willeth ; in an instant he willeth not ; and in another he knoweth not whether he willeth or no.

Yet

Yet neither ease nor pain have fixed themselves on him: neither is he waxed greater, or become less; neither hath he had cause for laughter, nor reason for his sorrow: therefore shall none of them abide with him.

The happiness of the Inconstant is as a palace built on the surface of the sand; the blowing of the wind carrieth away its foundation: what wonder then that it falleth?

But what exalted form is this, that hitherward directs its even, its uninterrupted course? whose foot is on the earth, whose head above the clouds.

On his brow sitteth majesty; steadiness is in his port; and in his heart reigneth tranquility.

Tho' obstacles appear in the way; he deigneth not to look down upon them: tho' heaven and earth oppose his passage, he proceedeth.

The mountains sink beneath his tread:

tread: the waters of the ocean are dried up under the foal of his foot.

Λ The tyger throweth herself across his way in vain; the spots of the leopard glow against him unregarded.

Λ He marcheth through the embattled legions: with his hand he putteth aside the terrors of death.

Λ Storms roar against his shoulders, but are not able to shake them: the thunder bursteth over his head in vain; the lightning serveth but to shew the glories of his countenance.

Λ His name is *Resolution*! he cometh from the utmost part of the earth: he seeth happiness afar off before him; his eye discovereth her temple beyond the limits of the Pole.

Λ He walketh up to it; he entereth boldly; and he remaineth there for ever.

Λ Establish thy heart, O man! in that which is right, and then know the greatest of human praise is to be immutable.

CHAPTER III.

W E A K N E S S.

VA IN and inconstant as thou art,
 O child of imperfection! how
 canst thou but be weak; is not incon-
 stancy connected with frailty? can there
 be vanity without infirmity? Avoid the
 danger of the one; and thou shalt
 escape the mischiefs of the other.

Λ Wherein art thou most weak? in
 that wherein thou seemest most strong:
 in that wherein most thou gloriest:
 even in possessing the things which thou
 hast; in using the good that is about
 thee.

Λ Are not thy desires also frail? or
 knowest thou even what it is thou
 wouldst wish? when thou hast obtained
 what most thou soughtest after, behold
 it contenteth thee not.

Λ Wherefore loseth the pleasure that is
 before thee its relish? and why appear-
 eth

eth that which is yet to come, the sweeter? because thou art wearied with the good of this, because thou knowest not the evil of that which is not with thee. Know that to be content is to be happy.

Couldst thou chuse for thyself; would thy creator lay before thee all that thine heart could ask for; would happiness then remain with thee? or would joy dwell always in thy gates?

Alas! thy weakness forbiddeth it; thy infirmity declareth against it. Variety is to thee in the place of pleasure; but that which permanently delighteth, must be permanent.

When it is gone thou repentest the loss of it; though while it was with thee thou despisedst it.

That which succeedeth it, hath no more pleasure for thee; and thou afterwards quarrellest with thyself for preferring it: behold the only circumstance in which thou erreth not.

Is there any thing in which thy weakness appeareth more than in desiring things; it is in the possessing, and in the using them.

Good things cease to be good in our enjoyment of them: what nature meant pure sweets are sources of bitterness to us: from our delights arise pain: from our joys sorrow.

Be moderate in the enjoyment; and it shall remain in thy possession: let thy joy be founded on reason; and to its end shall sorrow be a stranger.

The delights of love are ushered in by sighs, and they terminate in languishment and dejection: the object thou burnedst for nauseates with satiety; and no sooner hadst thou possessed it but thou art weary of its presence.

Join esteem to thy admiration; unite friendship with thy love: so shalt thou find in the end, content so absolute, that it surpasseth raptures: tranquility more worth than extacy.

God,

God hath given thee no good without its admixture of evil : but he hath given thee also the means of throwing off the evil from it.

As joy is not without its alloy of pain, so neither is sorrow without its portion of pleasure. Joy and grief tho' unlike are united : our own choice only can give them to us entire.

Melancholy itself often giveth delight : and the extremity of joy is mingled with tears.

The best things in the hands of a fool may be turned to his destruction : and out of the worst the wise will find the means of good.

So blended is weakness in thy nature, O man ! that thou hast not strength either to be good or to be evil entirely : rejoice that thou canst not excel in evil ; and let the good that is within thy reach content thee.

The virtues are allotted to various stations : seek not after impossibilities,

nor

nor grieve that thou canst not possess them all.

Wouldst thou at once have the liberality of the rich, and the contentment of the poor? or shall the wife of thy bosom be despised because she sheweth not the virtues of the widow?

If thy father sink before thee in the divisions of thy country, can at once thy justice destroy him, and thy duty save his life?

If thou behold thy brother in the agonies of a slow death, is it not mercy to put a period to his life? and is it not also death to be his murderer?

Truth is but one; thy doubts are of thine own raising: he who made virtues what they are, planted also in thee a knowledge of their pre-eminence; act as thy soul dictates to thee; and the end shall be always right.

CHAPTER IV.

*Of the INSUFFICIENCY of KNOW-
LEDGE.*

IF there is any thing lovely ; if there
there is any thing desirable ; if there
is any thing within the reach of man
that is worthy of praise, is it not know-
ledge ? and yet who is it that attaineth
unto it ?

The statesman proclaimeth that he
hath it : the ruler of the people claim-
eth the praise of it : but findeth the sub-
ject that he possesseth it ?

Evil is not requisite to man ; neither
can vice be necessary to be tolerated :
yet how many evils are permitted by
the connivance of the laws ? how many
crimes committed by the decrees of the
council ?

But be wise, O ruler ! and learn O
thou that art to command the nations !
one crime authorised by thee is worse
than

than the escape of ten from punishment.

When thy people are numerous; when thy sons encrease about thy table, sendest thou them not out to slay the innocent; and to fall before the sword of him whom they have not offended?

If the object of thy desires demandeth the lives of a thousand sayest thou not I will have it? surely thou forgettest that he who created thee, created also these; and that their blood is as rich as thine.

Sayest thou that justice cannot be executed without wrong? surely thine own words condemn thee.

Thou who flatterest with false hopes the criminal that he may confess his guilt; art not thou unto him a criminal? or is thy guilt the less because he cannot punish it?

When thou commandest to the torture him who is but suspected of ill:

C

darest

darest thou to remember, that thou mayst wrack the innocent?

Is thy purpose answered by the event? is thy soul satisfied with his confession? pain will enforce him to say what is not, as easy as what is; and anguish hath caused innocence to accuse herself.

That thou mayst not kill him without cause thou dost worse than kill him: that thou mayst prove if he be guilty, thou destroyest him innocent.

Λ O blindness to all truth! O insufficiency of the wisdom of the wise: know when thy judge shall bid thee account for this, thou shalt wish ten thousand guilty to have gone free, rather than one innocent then to stand forth against thee.

Λ Insufficient as thou art to the maintenance of justice, how shalt thou arrive at the knowledge of truth? how shalt thou ascend to the footstep of her throne?

As

As the owl is blinded by the radiance of the sun, so shall the brightness of her countenance dazzle thee in thy approaches.

If thou wouldst mount up into her throne, first bow thyself at her footstool: if thou wouldst arrive at the knowledge of her; first inform thyself of thine own ignorance.

More worth is she than pearls, therefore seek her carefully; the emerald, and the sapphire, and the ruby are as dirt beneath her feet; therefore pursue her manfully.

The way to her is labour; attention is the pilot that must conduct thee into her ports: but weary not in the way; for when thou art arrived at her, the toil shall be to thee for pleasure.

Say not unto thyself, behold truth breedeth hatred, and I will avoid it: dissimulation raiseth friends, and I will follow it: are not the enemies made by truth better than the friends obtained by flattery?

^ Naturally doth man desire the truth, yet when it is before him, he will not apprehend it : and if it force itself upon him, is he not offended at it ?

^ The fault is not in truth, for that is amiable : but the weakness of man beareth not its splendor.

Wouldst thou see thine insufficiency more plainly : view thyself at thy devotions ! to what end was religion instituted, but to teach thee thine infirmities ; to remind thee of thy weakness ; to shew thee that from heaven alone thou art to hope for good ?

Doth it not remind thee that thou art dust ? doth it not tell thee that thou art ashes ? and behold repentance : is it not built on frailty ?

When thou givest an oath ; when thou swearest thou wilt not deceive ; behold it spreadeth shame upon thy face, and upon the face of him that receiveth it : learn to be just, and repentance may be forgotten : learn to be honest, and oaths are unnecessary.

The

The shorter follies are the better :
say not therefore to thyself I will not
play the fool by halves.

He that heareth his own faults with
patience, shall reprove another with
boldness.

He that giveth a denial with reason ;
shall suffer a repulse with moderation.

If thou art suspected ; answer with
freedom : whom should suspicion af-
fright except the guilty ?

✓ The tender of heart is turned from
his purpose by supplications ; the
proud is rendered more obstinate by
entreaty : the sense of thine insuffici-
ency commandeth thee to hear ; but
to be just, thou must hear without
thy passions.

CHAPTER V.

MISERY.

FEEBLE and insufficient as thou art, O man! in good ; frail and inconstant as thou art in pleasure ; yet is there a thing in which thou art strong and unshaken : its name is misery.

It is the character of thy being ; the prerogative of thy nature : in thy breast alone it resideth ; without thee there is nothing of it : and behold what is its source, but thine own passions ?

He who gave thee these, gave thee also reason to subdue them ; exert it ; and thou shalt trample them under thy feet.

Thine entrance into the world, is it not shameful ? thy destruction, is it not glorious ? lo ! men adorn the instruments of death with gold, and gems ; and wear them above their garments.

He

He who begetteth a man hideth his face : but he who killeth a thousand is honoured.

Know thou notwithstanding that in this is error : custom cannot alter the nature of truth ; neither can the opinion of man destroy justice : the glory and the shame are misplaced.

There is but one way for man to be produced : there are a thousand by which he may be destroyed.

There is no praise, or honour to him who giveth being to another ; but triumphs and empire are the rewards of murder.

Yet he who hath many children hath as many blessings : and he who hath taken away the life of another ; shall not enjoy his own.

While the savage curseth the birth of his son ; and blesteth the death of his father ; doth he not call himself a monster ?

Enough of evil is allotted unto man :
but he maketh it more while he lamenteth it.

The greatest of all human ills is
sorrow : too much of this thou art born
unto ; add not unto it by thine own
perverfenefs.

Grief is natural to thee ; and is al-
ways about thee ; pleasure is a stranger,
and visiteth thee but by times : use well
thy reason, and sorrow shall be cast be-
hind thee : be prudent, and the visits
of joy shall remain long with thee.

Every part of thy frame is capable
of sorrow : but few and narrow are the
paths that lead to delight.

Pleasures can be admitted only sim-
ply ; but pains rush in a thousand at a
time.

As the blaze of straw fadeth as soon
as it is kindled ; so passeth away the
brightness of joy, and thou knowest
not what is become of it.

Sorrow

Sorrow is frequent : pleasure is rare : pain cometh of itself ; delight must be purchased : grief is unmixed ; but joy wanteth not its allay of bitterness.

As the soundest health is less perceived than the lightest malady : so the highest joy toucheth us less deep, than the smallest sorrow.

We are in love with anguish ; we often fly from pleasure : when we purchase it, costeth it not more than it is worth ?

Reflection is the business of man : a sense of his state is his first duty : but who remembreth himself in joy ? is it not in mercy then that sorrow is allotted unto us ?

Man foreseeth the evil that is to come : he remembereth it when it is past ; he considereth not that the thought of affliction woundeth deeper than the affliction itself : think not of thy pain but when it is upon thee, and thou shalt avoid what most would hurt thee.

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He who weepeth before he needeth, weepeth more than he needeth : and why ? but that he loveth weeping.

The stag weepeth not till the spear is lifted up against him : nor do the tears of the beaver fall till the hound is ready to seize him : man anticipateth death by the apprehension of it ; and the fear is greater misery, than the event itself.

Be always prepared to give an account of thine actions, and the best death is that which is least premeditated.



CHAPTER VI.

Of JUDGMENT.

THE greatest bounties given to man are judgment and will: happy is he who misapplyeth them not.

As the torrent that rolleth down the mountains, destroyeth all that is borne away by it; so doth common opinion overwhelm reason, in him who submit-
teth to it, without saying what is thy foundation?

See that what thou receivest as truth be not the shadow of it: what thou acknowledgest as convincing is often but plausible: be firm; be constant; determine for thyself: so shalt thou be answerable only for thine own weakness.

Say not that the event proveth the wisdom of the action: remember man is not above the reach of accidents.

Condemn not the judgment of another because it differeth from thine own. may not even both be in an error?

When thou esteemest a man for his titles, and contemnest the stranger because he wanteth them; judgest thou not of the camel by his bridle?

Think not thou art revenged of thine enemy when thou slayest him: thou puttest him beyond thy reach; thou givest him quiet; and thou takest from thyself all means of hurting him.

Was thy mother incontinent, and grieveth it thee to be told of it? is frailty in thy wife, and art thou pained at the reproach of it? he who despiseth thee for it condemneth himself: art thou answerable for the vices of another?

Disregard not a jewel because thou possessest it: neither enhance thou the value of a thing because it is another's: possession to the wise addeth to the price of it.

Honour

Honour not thy wife the less because she is in thy power : and despise him that hath said wouldst thou love her less ? marry her ! what hath put her into thy power, but her confidence in thy virtue ? shouldst thou love her less for being more obliged to her ?

If thou wert just in thy courtship of her ; tho' thou neglectest her while thou hast her, yet shall her loss be bitter to thy soul.

He who thinketh another best only because he possesseth her ; if he be not wiser than thee, at least he is more happy.

✓ Weigh not the loss thy friend hath suffered by the tears he sheddeth for it ; the greatest griefs are above these expressions of them.

Esteem not an action because it is done with noise and pomp : the noblest soul is that which doth great things, and is not moved in the doing them.

Fame

Fame astonisheth the ear of him who heareth it ; but tranquility rejoiceth the heart that is possessed of it.

Attribute not the good actions of another to bad causes ; thou canst not know his heart ; but the world will know by this that thine is full of envy.

There is not in hypocrisy more vice, than folly : to be honest is as easy as to seem so.

Be more ready to acknowledge a benefit, than to revenge an injury ; so shalt thou have more benefits than injuries done unto thee.

Be more ready to love than to hate ; so shalt thou be loved by more than hate thee.

Be willing to commend, and be slow to censure ; so shall praise be upon thy virtues, and the eye of enmity shall be blind to thy imperfections.

When thou dost good, do it because it is good ; not because men esteem it : when thou avoideest evil, fly it because it is evil ; not because men speak against it : be honest for love of honesty, and thou

thou shalt be uniformly so : he that doth it without principle is wavering.

Wish rather to be reprov'd by the wise, than to be applauded by him who hath no understanding : when they tell thee of a fault, they suppose thou canst improve ; the other when he praiseth thee thinketh thee like unto himself.

Accept not an office for which thou art not qualified ; lest he who knoweth more of it despise thee.

Instruct not another in that wherein thyself art ignorant : when he seeth it he will upbraid thee.

Expect not a friendship with him who hath injured thee : he who suffereth the wrong may forgive it ; but he who doeth it never will be well with him.

Lay not too great obligations on him thou wishest thy friend ; behold ! the sense of them will drive him from thee : a little benefit alienateth friendship ; a great one maketh an enemy.

Nevertheless ingratitude is not in the nature of man ; neither is his anger irreconcilable : he hateth to be put in mind

mind of a debt he cannot pay: he is ashamed in the presence of him whom he hath injured.

Repine not at the good of a stranger; neither rejoice thou in the evil that befallerh thine enemy: wishest thou that others should do thus by thee?

Wouldst thou enjoy the good will of all men; let thine own benevolence be universal. If thou obtainest it not by this, no other means could give it thee: and know tho' thou hast it not; thou hast the greater pleasure of having merited it.



CHAPTER VII.

P R E S U M P T I O N.

PRIDE and meanness seem incompatible; but man reconcileth contrarieties: he is at once the most miserable and the most arrogant of all creatures.

Presumption is the bane of reason; it is the nurse of error; yet is it congenial with reason in us.

Who is there that judgeth not either too highly of himself; or thinketh too meanly of others?

Our Creator himself escapeth not our presumption: how then shall we be safe from one another?

What is the origin of superstition? and whence ariseth false worship? from our presuming to reason about what is above our reach; to comprehend what is incomprehensible.

Limited and weak as our understandings are, we employ not even their
little

little forces as we ought: We soar not high enough in our approaches to God's greatness; we give not wing enough to our ideas, when we enter into the adoration of divinity.

Man who fears to breathe a whisper against his earthly sovereign, trembles not to arraign the dispensations of his God: he forgetteth his majesty, and rejudgeth his judgments.

He who dareth not repeat the name of his prince without honour; yet blusheth not to call that of his Creator to be witness to a lye.

He who would hear the sentence of the magistrate with silence; yet dareth to plead with the Eternal: he attempteth to sooth him with intreaties; to flatter him with promises; to agree with him upon conditions; nay to brave and murmur at him if his request is not granted.

Why art thou unpunished, O man, in thy impiety! but that this is not thy day of retribution.

Be

Be not like unto those who fight with the thunder, nor dare thou to deny thy Creator thy prayers because he chastiseth thee: thy madness is on thine own head in this: thy impiety hurteth no one but thyself.

Why boasteth man that he is the favourite of his maker; yet neglecteth to pay his thanks, his adorations for it? how suiteth such a life with a belief so haughty?

Man, who is truly but a mote in the wide expanse, believeth the whole earth and heaven created for him: he thinketh the whole frame of nature hath interest in his well being.

As the fool, while the images tremble on the bosom of the water. thinketh that trees, towns, and the wide horizon are dancing to do him pleasure: so man while nature performs her destin'd course, believes that all her motions are but to entertain his eye.

While he courts the rays of the sun to warm him, he supposeth it made only

to be of use to him ; while he traceth the moon in her nightly path ; he believeth she was created to do him pleasure.

^ Fool to thine own pride ! be humble ! know thou art not the cause why the world holdeth its course : for thee are not made the vicissitudes of summer and winter.

^ No change would follow if thy whole race existed not : thou art but one among millions that are blessed in it.

^ Exalt not thyself to the heavens, for lo the angels are above thee : nor disdain thy fellow-inhabitants of the earth, for that they are beneath thee : are they not the work of the same hand ?

^ Thou who art happy by the mercy of thy Creator, how darcest thou in wantonness put others of his creatures to torture ? beware that it return not upon thee.

^ Serve they not all the same universal master with thee ? hath he not appointed

pointed unto each its laws? hath he not care of their preservation? and darrest thou to infringe it?

Set not thy judgment above that of all the earth: neither condemn as falsehood what agreeth not with thine own apprehension: who gave thee the power of determining for others? or who took from the world the right of choice?

How many things have been rejected which now are received as truths? how many now received as truths shall in their turn be despised? of what then can man be certain?

△ Do the good that thou knowest, and happiness shall be unto thee: virtue is more thy business here than wisdom.

Truth and falsehood, have they not the same appearance in what we understand not? what then but our presumption can determine between them?

△ We easily believe what is above our comprehension: or we are proud to pretend it, that it may appear we understand

derstand it : is not this folly and arrogance ?

Who is it that affirms most boldly ? who is it that holds his opinion most obstinately ? even he who hath most ignorance ; for he also hath most pride.

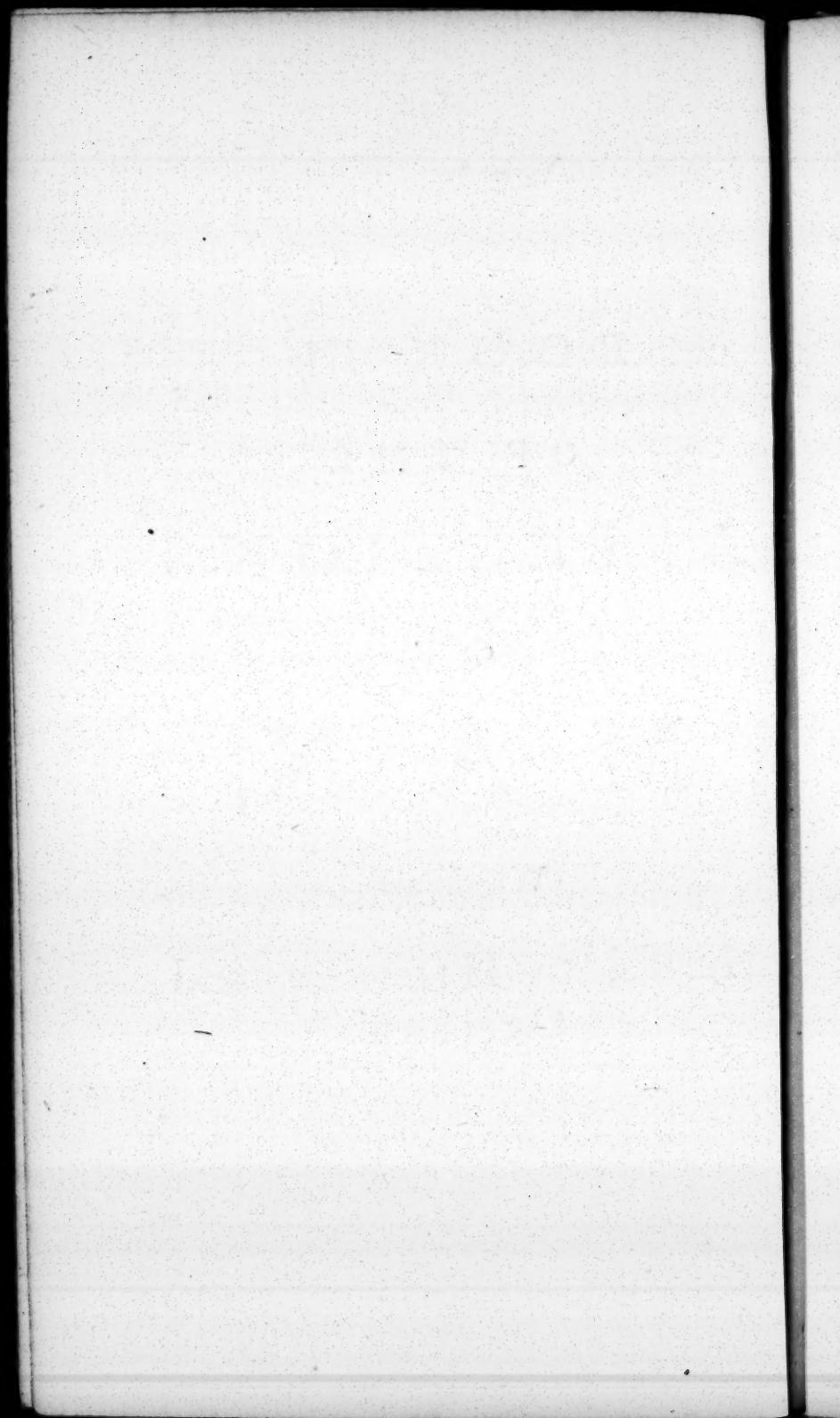
Every man when he layeth hold of an opinion desireth to remain in it ; but most of all he who hath most presumption : he contenteth not himself to betray his own soul into it, but he will impose it on others to believe in it also.

Say not that truth is established by years, or that in a multitude of believers there is certainty.

One human proposition hath as much authority as another, if reason maketh not the difference.

BOOK III.
OF THE
AFFECTIONS
OF
MAN,

Which are
Hurtful to HIMSELF and
OTHERS.



CHAPTER I.

COVETOUSNESS.

RICHES are not worthy a strong attention; therefore an earnest care of obtaining them is unjustifiable.

The desire of what man calleth good; the joy he taketh in possessing it; is grounded only in opinion: take not up that from the vulgar: examine the worth of things thyself, and thou shalt not be covetous.

An immoderate desire of riches is a poison lodged in the soul; it contaminates and destroys every thing that was good in it; it is no sooner rooted there, than all virtue, all honesty, all natural affection fly before the face of it.

The covetous would sell his children for gold: his parent might die ere he would open his coffer: nay he considereth not himself in respect of it: in

D

the

the search of happiness he maketh himself unhappy.

As the man who selleth his house to purchase ornaments for the embellishment of it; even so is he who giveth up peace in the search of riches, in hope he may be happy in enjoying them.

Where covetousness reigneth, know that the soul is poor. Whoso accounteth not riches the principal good of man, will not throw away all other goods in the pursuit of them.

Whoso feareth not poverty as the greatest evil of his nature; will not purchase to himself all other evils in the avoiding of it.

Thou fool, is not virtue more worth than riches? is not guilt more base than poverty? enough for his necessities is in the power of every man: be content with it, and thy happiness shall smile at the sorrows of him who heapeth up more.

Nature hath hid gold beneath the earth, as unworthy to be seen; silver hath

hath she placed where thou tramplest it under thy feet : meaneth she not by this to inform thee, that gold is not worthy thy regard ; that silver is beneath thy notice ?

Covetousness burieth under the ground millions of wretches : these dig for their hard masters what returneth the injury ; what maketh them more more miserable than their slaves.

The earth is barren of good things where she hoardeth up treasure : where gold is in her bowels, there no herb groweth.

As the horse findeth not there his grass, nor the mule his provender ; as the fields of corn laugh not on the sides of the hills ; as the olive holdeth not forth there her fruits, nor the vine her clusters ; even so no good dwelleth in the breast of him whose heart broodeth over his treasure.

Riches are servants to the wise ; but they are tyrants over the soul of the fool.

The covetous serveth his gold ; it serveth not him : he possesseth his wealth as the sick doth a fever ; it burneth and tortureth him, and will not quit him unto death.

∧ Hath not gold destroyed the virtue of millions ? did it ever add to the goodness of any ?

Is it not most abundant with the worst of men ? wherefore then shouldst thou desire to be distinguished by possessing it ?

Have not the wisest been those who have had least of it ? and is not wisdom happiness ?

Have not the worst of thy species possessed the greatest portions of it ? and hath not their end been miserable ?

Poverty wanteth many things : but covetousness denieth itself all.

∧ The covetous can be good to no man ; but he is to none so cruel as to himself.

∧ Be industrious to procure gold ; and be generous in the disposal of it : man never is so happy as when he giveth happiness unto another.

CHAPTER II.

PROFUSION.

IF there be a vice greater than the hoarding up of riches ; it is the employing them to useles purposes.

He that prodigally lavisheth that which he hath to spare, robbeth the poor of what nature giveth him a right unto.

He who squandereth away his treasure refuseth the means to do good : he denieth himself the practice of virtues whose reward is in their hand ; whose end is no other than his own happiness.

It is more difficult to be well with riches, than to be at ease under the want of them : man governeth himself much easier in poverty than in abundance.

Poverty requireth but one virtue, patience, to support it : the rich if he

have not charity, temperance, prudence, and many more, is guilty.

↪ The poor hath only the good of his own state committed unto him; the rich is entrusted with the welfare of thousands.

He that giveth away his treasure wisely, giveth away his plagues. He that retaineth their increase, heapeth up sorrows.

Refuse not unto the stranger that which he wanteth; deny not unto thy brother that which thou wantest thyself.

↪ Know there is more delight in being without what thou hast given than in possessing millions which thou knowest not the use of.

CHAPTER III.

R E V E N G E.

THE root of revenge is in the weakness of the soul: the most abject and timorous are the most addicted to it.

Who torture those they hate, but cowards? who murder those they rob but women?

The feeling an injury must be previous to the revenging it; but the noble mind disdaineth to say it hurts me.

If the injury is not below thy notice,
he that doth it unto thee in that maketh
himself so: wouldst thou enter the lists
with thine inferior?

Disdain the man who attempteth to
wrong thee : condemn him who would
give thee disquiet.

In this thou not only preserveſt thine
own peace, but thou inflictſt all the
D 4 puniſh.

punishment of revenge, without stooping to employ it against him.

As the tempest and the thunder affect not the sun or the stars, but spend their fury on stones and trees below ; so injuries ascend not to the souls of the great, but waste themselves on such as are those who offer them.

Poorness of spirit will actuate revenge ; greatness of soul despiseth the offence ; nay it doth good unto him who intended to have disturbed it.

Why seekest thou vengeance, O man ! with what purpose is it that thou pursuest it ? thinkest thou to pain thine adversary by it ? know that thyself feelest its greatest torments.

Revenge gnaweth the heart of him who is infected with it ; while he against whom it is intended remaineth easy.

It is unjust in the anguish it inflicts ; therefore nature intended it not for thee : needeth he who is injured, more pain ?

or

or ought he to add force to the affliction which another hath cast upon him?

The man who meditateth revenge is not content with the mischief he hath received. He addeth to his anguish the punishment due unto another; while he whom he seeketh to hurt, goeth his way laughing: he maketh himself merrery at this addition to his misery.

Revenge is painful in the intent; and it is dangerous in the execution: seldom doth the ax fall where he who lifted it up intended; and lo! he remembereth not that it must recoil against him.

Whilst the revengeful seeketh his enemy's hurt, he oftentimes procureth his own destruction: while he aimeth at one of the eyes of his adversary, lo! he putteth out both his own.

If he attain not his end, he lamenteth it: if he succeed he repenteth of it. The fear of justice taketh away the peace of his own soul; the care to hide him from it, destroyeth that of his friend.

Can the death of thine adversary satiate thy hatred ? can the setting him at rest restore thy peace ?

Wouldst thou make him sorry for his offence, conquer him and spare him : in death he owneth not thy superiority ; nor feeleth he more the power of thy wrath.

In revenge there should be a triumph of the avenger ; and he who hath injured him should feel his displeasure ; he should suffer pain from it, and should repent him of the cause.

This is the revenge inspired from anger ; but that which maketh thee greatest, is contempt.

Murder for an injury ariseth only from cowardice : he who inflicteth it feareth that the enemy may live, and avenge himself.

Death endeth the quarrel ; but it restoreth not the reputation : killing is an act of caution, not of courage ; it is safe, but it is not honourable.

There

There is nothing so easy as to revenge an offence ; but nothing is so honourable as to pardon it.

The greatest victory man can obtain is over himself : he that disdaineth to feel an injury retorteth it upon him who offereth it.

When thou meditatest revenge thou confessest that thou feelest the wrong : when thou complaineest thou acknowledgest thyself hurt by it : meanest thou to add this triumph to the pride of thine enemy ?

That cannot be an injury which is not felt : how then can he who despiseth it revenge it ?

If thou think it dishonourable to bear an offence, more is in thy power ; thou mayst conquer it.

Good offices will make a man ashamed to be thine enemy. Greatness of soul will terrify him from the thought of hurting thee.

The greater the wrong, the more glory is in pardoning it ; and by how much more justifiable would be revenge, by so much the more honour is in clemency.

Hast thou a right to be a judge in thine own cause : to be a party in the act, and yet to pronounce sentence on it ? before thou condemnest let another say it is just.

The revengeful is feared, and therefore he is hated : but he that is endowed with clemency is adored. The praise of his actions remaineth for ever ; and the love of the world attendeth him.



CHAPTER IV.

*CRUELTY, HATRED, and
ENVY.*

REVENGE is detestable : what then is cruelty ? lo ! it possesseth the mischiefs of the other, but it wanteth even the pretence of its provocations.

Men disown it as not of their nature : they are ashamed of it as a stranger to their hearts : do they not call it inhumanity ?

Whence then is her origin ? unto what that is human oweth she her existence ? her father is Fear, and behold Dismay, is it not her mother ?

The hero listeth his sword against the enemy that resisteth ; but no sooner doth he submit than he is satisfied.

It is not in honour to trample on the object that feareth : it is not in virtue to insult what is beneath it : sudge the
insolent

insolent and spare the humble, and thou art at the height of victory.

He who wanteth virtue to arrive at this end; he who hath not courage to ascend thus unto it; lo! he supplieth the place of conquest by murder, of sovereignty by slaughter.

He who feareth all, striketh at all: why are tyrants cruel, but because they live in terror?

The cur will tear the carcase, though he dared not look it in the face while living: the hound that hunteth it to the death, mangleth it not afterwards.

Civil wars are the most bloody, because those who fight them are cowards. Conspirators are murderers, because in death there is silence: is it not fear that telleth them they may be betrayed?

That thou mayst not be cruel, set thyself too high for hatred: that thou mayst not be inhuman, place thyself above the reach of envy.

Every

Every man may be viewed in two lights: in one he will be troublesome, in the other less offensive: chuse to see him in that in which he least hurteth thee; then shalt thou not do hurt unto him.

What is there that a man may not turn unto his good? in that which offendeth us most, there is more ground for complaint than hatred. Man would be reconciled to him of whom he complaineth: what murdereth he but what he hateth?

If thou art prevented of a benefit fly not into rage: the loss of thy reason is the want of a greater.

Because thou art robbed of thy cloke, wouldst thou strip thyself of thy coat also?

When thou enviest the man who possesseth honours; when his titles and his greatness raise thy indignation: seek to know whence they came unto him;

him ; enquire by what he means he was possessed of them ; and thine envy will be turned into pity.

If the same fortune were offered unto thee at the same price ; be assured if thou wert wise thou wouldst refuse it.

What is the pay for titles but flattery ? how doth man purchase power but by being a slave to him who giveth it ?

Wouldst thou lose thine own liberty to be able to take away that of another ? or canst thou envy him who doth so ?

Man purchaseth nothing of his superiors but for a price, and that price, is it not more than the value ? wouldst thou pervert the customs of the world ? wouldst thou have the purchase and the price also ?

As thou canst not envy what thou wouldst not accept ; disdain this cause of hatred ; and drive from thy soul this occasion of the parent of cruelty.

If

If thou possessest honour, canst thou envy that which is obtained at the expence of it? if thou knowest the value of virtue, pitiest thou not those who have bartered it so meanly?

When thou has taught thyself to bear the seeming good of men without repining; thou wilt hear of their real happiness with pleasure.

If thou seest good things fall to one who deserveth them, thou wilt rejoice in it: for virtue is happy in the prosperity of the virtuous.

He who rejoiceth in the happiness of another, increaseth by it his own.



CHAPTER V.

HEAVINESS *of* HEART.

THE soul of the chearful forceth a smile upon the face of affliction; but the despondence of the sad deadeneth even the brightness of joy.

What is the source of sadness but a feebleness of the soul? what giveth it power but the want of spirit? rouse thyself to the combat, and she quit-teth the field before thou strikest.

She is an enemy to thy race; therefore drive her from thy heart: she poisoneth the sweets of thy life; therefore suffer her not to enter thy dwelling.

She raiseth the loss of a straw to the destruction of thy fortune: while she vexeth thy soul about trifles, she robbeth thee of thine attention to the things of consequence: behold she but prophesieth, what she seemeth to relate unto thee.

She

She spreadeth drowfiness as a veil over thy virtues : she hideth them from those who would honour thee on beholding them : she entangleth and keepeth them down, while she maketh it most necessary for thee to exert them.

Lo! she oppresseth thee with evil ; and she tieth down thine hands, when they would throw the load from off thee.

✧ If thou wouldst avoid what is base ; if thou wouldst disdain what is cowardly ; if thou wouldst drive from thy heart what is unjust, suffer not sadness to lay hold upon it.

✧ Suffer it not to cover itself with the face of piety : let it not deceive thee with a shew of wisdom. Religion payeth honour to thy maker : let it not be clouded with melancholy : wisdom maketh thee happy ; know then that sorrow is to her looks a stranger.

For what should man be sorrowful but for afflictions ? why should his heart give up joy when the causes of
it

it are not removed from him? is not this being miserable for the sake of misery?

As the mourner who looketh sad because he is hired to do so: who weepeth because his tears are paid for; such is the man who suffereth his heart to be sad, not because he suffereth aught, but because he is gloomy.

It is not the occasion that produceth the sorrow: for behold the same thing shall be to another rejoicing.

Ask men if their sadness maketh things the better; and themselves will confess to thee that it is folly; nay, they will praise him who beareth his ills with patience, who maketh head against misfortune with courage: applause should be followed by imitation.

Sadness is against nature, for it troubleth her motions: lo! it rendereth distasteful whatsoever she hath made amiable.

As the oak falleth before the tempest and raiseth not its head again; so boweth
eth

eth the heart of man to the force of
sadness, and so returneth it unto its
strength no more.

As the snow melteth upon the moun-
tains from the rain that trickleth down
their sides, even so is beauty washed
from off the cheeks by tears : and nei-
ther the one nor the other restoreth it-
self again for ever.

As the pearl is dissolved by the vi-
negar which seemeth at first only to
obscure its surface ; so is thy happi-
ness, O man ! swallowed up by heavi-
ness of heart, tho' at first it seemeth
only to cover it with its shadow.

Behold sadness in the public streets :
cast thine eye upon her in the places of
resort : doth any look upon her ? avoid-
eth she not every one ? and doth not
every one fly from her presence ?

See how she droopeth her head, like
the flower whose root is cut asunder :
see how she fixeth her eyes upon earth :
see how they serve her to no purpose
but for weeping.

Is there in her mouth discourse; is there in her heart the love of society? is there in her soul, reason? ask her the cause, and she knoweth it not: enquire the occasion and behold there is none.

Yet doth her strength fail her: lo! at length she sinketh into the grave; and no one sayeth what is become of her?

Hast thou understanding, and seeest thou not this? hast thou piety, and perceivest thou not thine error?

God, created thee in mercy: had he not intended thee to be happy, his beneficence would not have called thee into existence: how darcest thou then to fly in the face of his majesty?

While thou art most happy with innocence, thou doest him most honour; and what is thy discontent but murmuring against him?

Created he not all things liable to changes?

changes? and darest thou to weep at their changing?

If we know the law of nature, wherefore do we complain of it? if we are ignorant of it, what should we accuse but our blindness to what every moment giveth us proof of?

Know that 'tis not thou that art to give laws to the world: thy part is to submit to them as thou findest them: if they distress thee; thy lamenting it but addeth to thy torment.

Be not deceived with fair pretences, nor suppose that sorrow healeth misfortune: it is a poison under the colour of a remedy: while it pretendeth to draw the arrow from thy breast; lo! it plungeth it into thine heart.

While sadness separateth thee from thy friends, doth it not say thou art unfit for conversation? while it driveth thee into corners, doth it not proclaim that it is ashamed of itself?

It is not in thy nature to meet the arrows of ill fortune unhurt; nor doth
reason

reason require it of thee? it is thy duty to bear misfortune like a man; but thou must first also feel it like one.

Tears may drop from thine eyes, tho' virtue falleth not from thine heart: be thou careful only that there is cause; and that they flow not too abundantly.

The greatness of the evil is not to be reckoned from the number of tears shed for it: the greatest griefs are above these testimonies; as the greatest joys are beyond utterance.

What is there that weakeneth the soul like grief? what depresseth it like sadness?

Is the sorrowful prepared for noble enterprises? or armeth he himself in the cause of virtue?

Subject not thyself to ills, where there are in return no advantages; neither sacrifice thou the means of good unto that which is in itself an evil.

BOOK IV.
OF THE
ADVANTAGES
M A N

May acquire over his
FELLOW-CREATURES.

RECEIVED
JAN 11 1881
U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE
WASHINGTON

CHAPTER I.

NOBILITY and HONOUR.

NObility resideth not but in the soul; nor is there true honour except in virtue.

The favour of princes may be bought by vices; rank and titles may be purchased for money: but these are not true honour.

Crimes cannot exalt the man who commits them to real glory; neither can gold make men noble.

When titles are the reward of virtue; when he is set on high who hath served his country; he who bestoweth the honours hath glory, like as he who receiveth them: and the world is benefited by it.

Wouldst thou wish to be rais'd for men know not what? or wouldst thou that they should say, why is this?

When the virtues of the hero descend to his children, his titles accompany them well: but when he who possesseth them is unlike unto him who deserved them ; lo ! do they not call him degenerate ?

Hereditary honour is accounted the most noble ; but reason speaketh in the cause of him who hath acquired it.

He who merITLESS himself appeal-eth to the actions of his ancestors for his greatness, is like the thief who claimeth protection by flying to the pagod.

What good is it to the blind that his parents could see ? what benefit is it to the dumb that his grandfather was eloquent ? even so what is it to the mean that their predecessors were noble ?

A mind disposed to virtue maketh great the possessor of it ; and without titles it will raise him above the vulgar.

He will acquire honour while others receive it : and will he not say unto them

them, such were the men whom you glory in being derived from.

As the shadow waiteth on the substance, even so true honour attendeth upon virtue.

Say not that honour is the child of boldness, nor believe thou that the hazard of life alone can pay the price of it: it is not to the action that it is due, but to the manner of performing it.

All are not called to the guiding the helm of state; neither are their armies to be commanded by every one: do well in that which is committed to thy charge, and praise shall remain upon thee.

Say not that difficulties are necessary to be conquered; or that labour and danger must be in the way to renown: the woman who is chaste is she not praised? the man who is honest deserveth he not to be honoured?

The thirst of fame is violent; the desire of honour is powerful; and he

who gave them to us gave them for great purposes.

When desperate actions are necessary to the public; when our lives are to be exposed for the good of our country, what can add force to virtue, but ambition?

It is not the receiving honour that delighteth the noble mind: its pride is the deserving it.

Is it not better men should say why hath not this man a statue? than that they should ask why he hath one?

The ambitious will always be first in the crowd; he presseth forward, he looketh not behind him; more anguish is it to his soul to see one before him, than joy to leave thousands at a distance.

The root of ambition is in every man; but it riseth not in all: fear keepeth it down in some; in many it is suppressed by modesty.

It is the inner garment of the soul: the first thing put on by it with the flesh,

flesh, and the last it layeth down at its separation from it.

It is an honour to thy nature when worthily employed : when thou directest it to wrong purposes, it shameth and destroyeth thee.

In the breast of the traitor ambition is covered : hypocrisy hideth its face under her mantle ; and cool dissimulation furnisheth it with smooth words : but in the end men shall see what it is.

The serpent loseth not his sting tho' benumbed with the frost : the tooth of the viper is not broken though the cold closeth his mouth : take pity on his state and he will shew thee his spirit : warm him in thy bosom, and he will requite thee with death.

He that is truly virtuous, loveth virtue for herself ; he disdaineth the applause which ambition aimeth after.

How pitiable were the state of virtue if she could not be happy but from another's praise : she is too noble to seek recompence, and no more will, than can be rewarded.

The higher the sun ariseth the less shadow doth he make: even so the greater is the virtue, the less doth it covet praise: yet cannot it avoid its reward in honours.

Glory, like a shadow, flieth him who pursueth it; but it followeth at the heels of him who would fly from it: if thou courtest it without merit thou shalt never attain unto it: if thou deserveest it, though thou hidest thyself, it will never forsake thee.

✓ Pursue that which is honourable, do that which is right; and the applause of thine own conscience will be more joy to thee than the shouts of millions who know not that thou deserveest them.

CHAPTER II.

SCIENCE and LEARNING.

THE noblest employment of the mind of man is the study of the works of his creator.

To him whom the science of nature delighteth, every object bringeth a proof of his God : every thing that proveth it, giveth cause of adoration.

His mind is lifted up to heaven every moment : his life is one continued act of devotion.

Casteth he his eye towards the clouds, findeth he not the heavens full of his wonders : looketh he down to the earth, doth not the worm proclaim to him, less than omnipotence could not have formed me ?

While the planets perform their courses : while the sun remaineth in his place : while the comet wandereth through the liquid air, and returneth to its destin'd road again ; who but thy

God, O man! could have formed them?
 what but infinite wisdom could have appointed them their laws?

Behold how awful their splendour!
 yet do they not diminish: lo! how rapid their motions! yet one runneth not in the way of another.

Look down upon the earth, and see her produce: examine her bowels, and behold what they contain: hath not wisdom and power ordained the whole?

Who biddeth the grass to spring up?
 who watereth it at its due seasons? behold the ox croppeth it; the horse and the sheep feed they not upon it? who is he that provideth it for them?

Who giveth increase to the corn which thou sowest? who returneth it to thee a thousand fold?

Who ripeneth for thee the olive in its time? and the grape, tho' thou knowest not the cause of it?

Can the meanest fly create itself? or wert thou aught less than God, couldst thou have fashioned it?

✓ The beasts feel that they exist, but they wonder not at it: they rejoice in their life, but they know not that it shall end: each performeth its course in succession; nor is there a loss of one species in a thousand generations.

✓ Thou who see'st the whole as admirable as its parts; canst thou better employ thine eye than in tracing out thy creator's greatness in them; thy mind than in examining their wonders?

✓ Power and mercy are display'd in their formation: justice and goodness shine forth in the provision that is made for them: all are happy in their several ways; nor envieth one the other.

✓ What is the study of words compared with this? in what science is knowledge, but in the study of nature?

✓ When thou hast adored the fabric, enquire into its use; for know the earth produceth nothing but may be of good to thee: are not food and raiment, and the remedies for thy diseases all derived from this source alone?

Who is wise then but he that knoweth it? who hath understanding but he that contemplateth it? for the rest, whatever science hath most utility; whatever knowledge hath least vanity; prefer these unto the others; and profit of them for the sake of thy neighbour!

To live and to die; to command and to obey; to do and to suffer; are not these all that thou hast farther to care about? morality shall teach thee these: the oeconomy of life shall lay them before thee.

Behold they are written in thine heart, and thou needest only to be reminded of them: they are easy of conception; be attentive, and thou shalt retain them.

All other sciences are vain, all other knowledge is boast: lo! it is not necessary or beneficial to man, nor doth it make him more good or more honest.

^ Piety to thy God, and benevolence to thy fellow creatures, are they not thy great duties? what shall teach thee the one like the study of his works? what shall inform thee of the other, like understanding thy dependencies.



(1811)

1811 to the 1st of Jan. and here follows a
list of the names of the persons who
were born in the year 1811. The list
is given in the order of the names of the
parents, and the names of the children
are given in the order of their birth.



B O O K V.

O F

Natural Accidents.

1868

To

James A. Smith

CHAPTER I.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY.

LET not prosperity elate thine heart above measure ; neither depress thy soul unto the grave, because fortune beareth hard against thee.

Her smiles are not stable, therefore build not thy confidence upon them ; her frowns endure not for ever, therefore let hope teach thee patience.

To bear adversity well is difficult : but to be temperate in prosperity is the height of wisdom.

Good and ill are the tests by which thou art to know thy constancy ; nor is there aught else that can tell thee the powers of thine own soul : be therefore upon the watch when they are upon thee.

Behold prosperity how sweetly she flattereth thee ; how insensibly she robbeth thee of thy strength and thy vigour ?

Tho' thou hast been constant in ill fortune ; tho' thou hast been invincible
in

in distress? yet by her thou art conquered: not knowing that thy strength returneth not again, and yet that thou again mayst need it.

Affliction moveth our enemies to pity; success and happiness cause even our friends to envy.

In adversity is the seed of well doing! it is the nurse of heroism and boldness: who that hath enough will endanger himself to have more? who that is at ease will set his life on the hazard?

True virtue will act under all circumstances: but men see most of its effects when accidents concur with it.

In adversity man seeth himself abandoned by others; he findeth that all his hopes are centered within himself: he rouseth his soul; he encountereth his difficulties; and they yield before him.

In prosperity he fancieth himself safe; he thinketh he is beloved of all that smile about his table: he groweth careless and remiss; he seeth not the danger

ger that is before him: he trusteth to others, and in the end they deceive him.

Every man can advise his own soul in distress; but prosperity blindeth the truth.

Better is the sorrow that leadeth to contentment, than the joy that rendereth man unable to endure distress; and after plungeth himself into it.

Our passions dictate to us in all our extreams; moderation is the effect of wisdom.

Be upright in thy whole life; be content in all its changes: so shalt thou make thy profit out of all occurrences; so shall every thing that happeneth unto thee be the source of praise.

The wise maketh every thing the means of advantage; and with the same countenance beholdeth he all the faces of fortune: he governeth the good, he conquereth the evil; he is unmoved in all.

Presume not in prosperity, neither despair in adversity: court not dangers,

gers; nor meanly fly from before them : dare to despise whatever will not remain with thee.

Let not adversity tear off the wings of hope ; neither let prosperity obscure the light of prudence.

He who despaireth of the end shall never attain unto it ; and he who seeth not the pit shall perish therein.

He who calleth prosperity his good : who hath said unto her with thee will I establish my happiness ; lo ! he anchor-eth his vessel in a bed of sand, which the return of the tide washeth away.

As the water that passeth from the mountains kisseth, in its way to the ocean, every field that bordereth the rivers ; as it tarrieth not in any place ; even so fortune visiteth the sons of men : her motion is incessant, she will not stay ; she is unstable as the winds, how then wilt thou hold her ? when she kisseth thee thou art blessed, but behold as thou turnest to thank her she is gone unto another.

CHAPTER II.

PAIN and SICKNESS.

THE sickness of the body affecteth even the soul: the one cannot be in health without the other.

Pain is of all ills that which is most felt: and it is that which from nature hath the fewest remedies.

When thy constancy faileth thee call in thy reason: when thy patience quit-
teth thee, call in thy hope.

To suffer is a necessity entailed upon thy nature; wouldst thou that miracles should protect thee from it? or shalt thou repine because it happeneth unto thee? when lo! it happeneth unto all.

It is injustice to expect exemption from that thou wert born unto: submit with modesty to the laws of thy condition.

Wouldst thou say to the seasons, pass not on, lest I grow old? is it not better

ter

ter to suffer well that which thou canst not avoid?

Pain that endureth long is moderate : blush therefore to complain of it : that which is violent is short : behold thou seest the end of it.

✓ Thy body was created to be subser-
vient to the soul : while thou afflicteth
the soul for its pains, behold thou set-
test that above it.

✓ As the wise afflicteth not himself be-
cause a thorn teareth his garment : so
the patient grieveth not his soul because
that which covereth it is injured.



CHAPTER III.

D E A T H.

AS the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchemist: so is death the test of our lives; the assay which sheweth the standard of all our actions.

Wouldst thou judge of a life, examine the period of it: the end crowneth the attempt; and where dissimulation is no more, there truth appeareth.

He hath not spent his life ill, who knoweth to die well; neither can he have lost all his time, who employeth the last portion of it to his honour.

He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought: neither hath he lived unprofitably who dieth happily.

He that considereth he is to die, is content while he liveth: he who striveth to forget it, hath no pleasure in any thing: his joy appeareth to him a
jewel

jewel which he expecteth every moment he shall lose.

Would thou learn to die nobly ; let thy vices die before thee. Happy is he who endeth the business of his life before his death ; who, when the hour of it cometh, hath nothing to do but to die : who wisheth not delay, because he hath no longer use for time.

Avoid not death, for it is a weakness ; fear it not, for thou understandest not what it is : all that thou certainly knowest is, that it putteth an end to thy sorrows.

Think not the longest life the happiest ; that which is best employed doth man the most honour, himself shall rejoice after death in the advantages of it.

This is the compleat OECONOMY of
HUMAN LIFE.

F I N I S.



